



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, POETRY, &c.

VOL. XV. [VI. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1839.

NO. 19.

SELECT TALES.

The Pirate's Treasure.

AFTER many months of anxious and painful expectancy, I at length succeeded in obtaining my appointment to the situation I had so ardently wished for. Despairing at my apparent want of success, I had given up all hopes, and had engaged to go as surgeon in the Clydesdale to the East Indies, when the favorable result of my friend's exertions changed the aspect of my affairs. My instructions set forth the necessity of my being at Surinam by a certain day, otherwise I should be too late to join the corps to which I was appointed, which, on the ceding up of the place to the Dutch, was to proceed to Canada. As it wanted only two months of that period, it became necessary to inquire for some vessel without loss of time. Giving up my engagement with the Clydesdale, I proceeded to the harbor, and after a toilsome search, succeeded in discovering a ship chartered by a Glasgow company lying ready at the west quay, and to sail with that evening's tide. While I stood examining the vessel from the pier, two sailors, who seemed to be roaming idly about, stopped, and began to converse by my side:

'Has the old Dart got all her hands Tom?' said the one, 'that she has her ensign up for sailing? They say she is sold to the lubberly Dutchman now—what cheer to lend her a hand out and get our sailing penny for a glass of grog?' 'No no; bad cheer!' replied the other;—'mayhap I didn't tell you that I made a trip in her four years ago; and a cleaner livelier thing is not on the water? But there is a limb of the big devil in her that is enough to cause her to sink to the bottom. It was in our voyage out, that he did for Bill Burnet with the pump sounding rod, because the little fellow snivelled a bit, and was not handy to jump when he was ordered aloft to set the fore-royal.—It was his first voyage, and the boy was mortal afraid to venture; but the captain swore he would make him, and in his passion took him a rap with the iron rod, and

killed him. When he saw what he had done, he lifted him and hove him over the side; and many a long day the men wondered what had become of little Bill, for they were all below at dinner, and none but myself saw the transaction. It was needless for me to complain, and get him overhauled, as there was no witnesses;—but I left the ship, and births would be scarce before I would sail with him again.'

Knowing what tyrants shipmasters are in general, and how much their passengers comfort depends on them, I was somewhat startled by this piece of information respecting the temper of the man I purposed to sail with. But necessity has no law! The circumstance probably was much misrepresented, and from a single act of discipline, exaggerated to an act of wanton cruelty. But be that as it might; my affairs were urgent. There was no other vessel from the same port, I must either take my passage, or run the risk of being superceded. The thing was not to be thought of; so I went in and secured my berth. As my preparations were few and trifling, I had every thing arranged, and on board, just as the vessel was unmooring from the quay. During the night, we got down to the Clock light-house, and stood off and on waiting for the Captain, who had remained behind to get the ship cleared out at the Custom House. Soon afterwards he joined us, and the Pilot leaving us in the return boat, we stood down the Forth under all our canvass.

'For four weeks we had a quick and pleasant voyage. The Dart did not belie her name; for being American built, and originally a privateer, she sailed uncommonly fast, generally running at the rate of twelve knots an hour.

As I had expected, Captain Mahone proved to be, in point of acquirements, not at all above the common run of ship-masters. He was haughty and overbearing, and domineered over the crew with a high hand, in return for which, he was evidently feared and detested by them all. He had been many years in the West Indies; part of which time he had

ranged as commander of a privateer, and had, between the fervid suns of such high latitudes and the copious use of grog, become of a rich mahogany color, something between vermillion and the tint of a new sheet of copper. He was a middle-sized man; square built, with a powerful and muscular frame. His aspect, naturally forbidding, was rendered more so by the stern expression of his left eye, which was sorely forced out by some accident—and the lineaments of his countenance expressed plainly that he was passionate and furious in the extreme. In consequence of this, I kept rather distant and aloof; and except at meals, we seldom exchanged more than ordinary civilities.

By our reckoning, our ship had now got into the latitude of the Bermudas, when one evening at sun-set, the wind, which had hitherto been favorable, fell into a dead calm. The day had been clear and bright; but now huge masses of black and conical-shaped clouds began to tower over each other in the western horizon, which, being tinged with the rays of the setting-sun, displayed that lurid and deep brassy tint so well known to mariners as the token of an approaching storm. All the sailors were of opinion that we would have a coarse night; and every precaution that good seamanship could suggest was taken to make the vessel snug before the gale came on. The oldest boys were sent up to haul and send down the royal and top-gallant sails, and strike the masts, while the topsail and stays were closely reefed. These preparations were hardly accomplished, when the wind shifted, and took us a-back, with such violence as nearly to capsize the vessel. The ship was put round as soon as possible, and brought-to till the gale should fall; while all hands remained on deck in case of emergency. About ten, in the interval of a squall, we heard a gun fired as a signal of distress. The night was as black as pitch—but the flash showed us that the stranger was not far to leeward; so as to avoid drifting on the wreck during the darkness the main top sail was braced round, and filled, and the ship hauled to windward.—In this manner, we

kept alternately beating and heaving-to, as the gale rose or fell, till morning broke, when through the haze we perceived a small vessel with her masts carried away. As the wind had taken off, the Captain had gone to bed; so it was the mate's watch on deck.—The steersman, an old grey-headed man, named James Gemmel, proposed to bear down and save the people, saying he had been twice wrecked himself, and knew what it was to be in such a situation. As the Captain was below, the mate was irresolute what to do; being aware that the success of the speculation depended on their getting to Surinam before it was given up: however, he was at length persuaded, the helm was put up, and the ship bore away. As we neared the wreck and were standing by the mizen shrouds with our glasses, the Captain came up from the cabin. He looked with astonishment to the sails, and the direction of the vessel's head, and in a voice of suppressed passion, said, as he turned to the mate, 'What is the meaning of this, Mr. Wylie, who has dared to alter the ship's course without my leave, when you know very well we shall hardly be in time for the market, use what expedition we may?' The young man was confused by this unexpected challenge, and stammered out something about Gemmel having persuaded him. 'It was me, Sir!' respectfully informed the old sailor, wishing to avert the storm from the mate; 'I thought you wouldn't have the heart to leave the wreck and these people to perish, without lending a hand to save them! We would be neither Christians nor true seamen to desert her, and——'

'Damn you and the wreck, you old canting rascal! do you pretend to stand there and preach to me?' thundered the captain, his fury breaking out; 'I'll teach you to disobey my orders!—I'll give you something to think of!' and seizing a capstan-bar which lay near him, he hurled it at the steersman with all his might. The blow was effectual; one end of it struck him across the head with such force as to sweep him in an instant from his station at the wheel, and to dash him with violence against the lee-bulwarks, where he lay bleeding and motionless. 'Take that, and be damned!' exclaimed the wretch, and he took the helm, and sang out to the men, 'Stand by sheets, and braces—hard-a-lee—let go!' In a twinkling the yards were braced round, and the Dart laid within six points of the wind, was flying through the water.

Meanwhile Gemmel was lying without any one daring to assist him; for the crew were so confounded that they seemed quite undetermined how to act. I stepped to him therefore, and the mate following my example, we lifted him up. As there was no appearance of respiration, I placed my hand on his heart—but pulsation had entirely ceased—

the old man was dead. The bar had struck him directly on the temporal bone, and had completely fractured that part of his skull.

'He is a murdered man, Captain Mahone!' said I, laying down the body—'murdered without cause or provocation.' 'None of your remarks, sir!' he returned; 'what the devil have you to do with it? Do you mean to stir up my men to mutiny? Or do you call disobeying my orders no provocation? I'll answer his death to those who have a right to ask; but till then, let me see the man who dare open his mouth to me in this ship.' 'I promise you,' returned I, 'that though you rule and tyrannize here at present, your power shall have a termination, and you shall be called to account for your conduct in this day's work—rest assured that *this* blood shall be required at your hands, though you have hitherto escaped punishment for what has stained them already.' This allusion to the murder of Bill Burnet, seemed to stagger him considerably—he stopped short before me, and while his face grew black with suppressed wrath and fury, he whispered.

'I warn you again, young man! to busy yourself with your own matters—meddle not with what does not concern you: and belay your slack jaw, or, by God! Rink Mahone will find a way to make it fast for you!' He then turned round and walked forward to the fore-castle.

During this affray, no attention had been paid to the wreck, though the crew had set up a yell of despair on seeing us leave them. Signals and shouts were still repeated, and a voice louder in agony than the rest, implored our help for the love of the blessed Virgin; and offered riches and absolution to the whole ship's company, if they would but come back. The captain was pacing fore and aft without appearing to mind them, when as if struck with some sudden thought, he lifted up his glass to his eye—seemed to hesitate—walked on—and then all at once altering his mind, he ordered the vessel again before the wind.

On speaking the wreck, she proved to be a Spanish felucca from the island of Cuba, bound for Curacao, on the coast of the Caracas. As they had lost their boats in the storm, and could not leave their vessel, our captain lowered and manned our jolly-boat and went off to them. After an absence of some hours, he returned with the passengers, consisting of an elderly person in the garb of a Catholic priest, a sick gentleman, a young lady, apparently the daughter of the latter, and a black female slave. With the utmost difficulty, and writhing under some excruciating pain, the invalid was got on board, and carried down to the cabin, where he was laid on a bed placed on the floor. To the tender of my professional services, the invalid returned his thanks and would have declined them, ex-

pressing his conviction of being past human aid, but the young lady, eagerly catching at even a remote hope of success, implored him with tears to accept my offer. On examination I found his fears were but too well grounded. In his endeavors to assist the crew, during the gale, he had been standing near the mast, part of which, or some of the rigging, had fallen on him, and had dislocated several of his ribs, and injured his spine beyond remedy. All that could now be done, was to afford a little temporary relief from pain, which I did; and leaving him to the care of the young lady and the priest, I left the cabin.

On deck, I found all bustle and confusion. The ship was still lying to and the boats employed in bringing the goods out of the felucca, both of which were the property of the wounded gentleman. The body of Gemmel had been removed somewhere out of sight; no trace of blood was visible, and Captain Mahone seemed desirous to banish all recollections, both of our quarrel and its origin.

As the invalid was lying in the cabin, and my state room occupied by the lady and her female attendant, I got a temporary birth in the steerage, made for myself for the night. I had not long thrown myself down on my cot, which was only divided from the main-cabin by a bulkhead, when I was awakened by the deep groans of the Spaniard. The violence of his pains had again returned, and between the spasms I heard the weeping and gentle voice of the lady soothing his agony, and trying to impart hopes and prospects to him, which her own hysterical sobs told plainly she did not herself feel.—The priest also frequently joined, and urged him to confess. To this advice he remained silent awhile, but at length he addressed the lady:—'The Padre says true, Isabella! Time wears apace, and I feel I shall soon be beyond its limits and above its concerns; but ere I go, I would say that which it would impart peace to my mind to disclose—I would seek to leave you at least one human being to befriend and protect you in your utter helplessness. Alas; that Diego di Montaldo's daughter should be thus destitute!—Go, my love! I would be alone a little while with the father.' An agony of tears and sobs was the only return made by the poor girl, while the priest with gentle violence led her into the state room.

'Now,' continued the dying man, 'listen to me while I have strength. You have only known me as a merchant in Cuba: but such I have not been always. Mine is an ancient and noble family in Catalonia; though I unhappily disgraced it, and have been estranged from it long. I had the misfortune to have weak and indulgent parents, who idolized me as the heir of their house, and did not possess resolution enough to thwart me in any of my

wishes or desires, however unreasonable.—My boyhood being thus spoiled, it is no matter of wonder that my youth should have proved wild and dissolute. My companions were as dissipated as myself, and much of our time was spent in gambling and other extravagances. One evening at the play, I quarreled with a young nobleman of rank and influence; we were both of us hot and passionate, so we drew on the spot and fought, and I had the misfortune to run him through the heart and leave him for dead. Not daring to remain any longer at home, I fled in disguise to Barcelona, where I procured a passage in a vessel for the Spanish Main. On our voyage we were taken by buccaneers; and the roving and adventurous mode of life of these bold and daring men, suiting both my inclination and finances, I agreed to make one of their number. For many months we were successful in our enterprises; we ranged the whole of those seas, and made a number of prizes, some of which were rich ships of our own colonies. In course of time we amassed such a quantity of specie as to make us unwilling to venture it in one bottom; so we agreed to hide it ashore, and divide it on our return from our next expedition. But our good fortune forsook us this time. During a calm, the boats of the *Guardacosta* came on us, overpowered the ship, and made all the crew, except myself and two others prisoners. We escaped with our boat, and succeeded in gaining the island of Cuba, where both of my companions died of their wounds. Subsequent events induced me to settle at St. Juan de Bonavista, where I married, and as a merchant prospered and became a rich man. But my happiness lasted not; my wife caught the yellow fever and died, leaving me only this one child. I now loathed the scene of my departed happiness, and felt all the longings of an exile to revisit my native country. For this purpose I converted all my effects into money; and am thus far on my way to the hidden treasure, with which I intended to return to Spain. But the green hills of Catalonia will never more gladden my eyes! My hopes and wishes were only for my poor girl. Holy father! ye know not a parent's feelings; its anxieties and its fears! the thought of leaving my child to the mercy of strangers; or, it may be to their barbarities, in this lawless country, is far more dreadful than the anguish of my personal sufferings. With you rests my only hope. Promise me your protection towards her and the half of my wealth is yours.'

'Earthly riches,' replied the priest avail not with one whose desires are fixed beyond the little handful of earth that perisheth; my life is devoted to the service of my Creator; and the conversion of ignorant men, who have never heard of his salvation. On an

errand of mercy I came to this land; and if the heathen receive it, how much more a daughter of our holy church? I, therefore, in behalf, of our community, accept of your offer, and swear on the blessed emblem, to fulfil all your wishes to the best of my poor abilities.'

'Enough, enough!' said Montaldo, 'I am satisfied! Among the Archipelago of desert islands, known by the name of the *Roccas*, situated on the coast of the province of Venezuela, in New Grenada, there is one called the *Wolf-rock*; it is the longest and most northern of the group, and lies the most seaward. At the eastern point, which runs a little way into the sea, there stands an old vanilla, blasted and withered, and retaining but one single solitary branch. On the eve of the festival of St. Jago the moon will be at her full in the west. At twenty minutes past midnight, she will attain to her highest altitude in the heavens, and the shadow of the tree will be thrown due east. Watch till the branch and stem unite and form only one line of shade; mark its extremity; for there, ten feet below the surface, the cask containing the gold is buried. That gold, father, was sinfully got; but fasts and penances have been done, masses without number have been said, and I trust that the blessed Virgin has interceded for the forgiveness of that great wickedness; I have now confessed all; and confide in your promise; and as you perform your oath, so will the blessing or curse of a dying man abide with you. I feel faint, dying—Oh! let me clasp my child once more to my heart before I——'

Here the rest of the sentence became indistinct from the death rattle in his throat. I leaped off my cot, and sprang up the hatchway, and had my foot on the top of the companion-ladder, when a piercing shriek from below making me quicken my steps, I missed my hold and fell on some person stationed on the outside of the cabin door. The person, without uttering a single word, rose and ascended the steps; but as he emerged into the dim light which still lingered in the horizon, I fancied that I could distinguish him to be the captain. On my entering, I found the Spaniard dead, and his daughter lying in a state of insensibility by his side; while the female slave was howling and tearing her hair like one in a phrenzy. The priest was entirely absorbed in his devotions; so without disturbing him, I lifted the lady and bore her into the state-room, where the greater part of the night was passed in trying to restore her to sensation. Fit after fit followed each other in such quick succession that I began to apprehend the result; but at length the hysterical paroxysm subsided, and tears coming to her relief, she became somewhat composed, when I left her in charge of her attendant.—

[Concluded in our next.]

From the Backwoodsman.

The Forged Patent.

BY A WESTERN RECLUSE.

Remember you no case like this? Or if
Your memory none records, is such a one
So much at odds with probability
Your fancy cannot image it?

MR. RUSSELL:—The changes which the last twenty years have wrought in Illinois, would be incredible to any who had not witnessed them. At that period our settlements were few, and the spirit of enterprise that now pervades every corner of the State, had not then been awakened. The bluff of our own beautiful river had never sent back the echo of the steam engine.—Without a market for their produce, the farmers confined their labors to the wants of their own families. Corn was nearly the only crop raised, and from the time it was 'laid by' near the end of June, till 'pulling time,' in November, was a holiday, and the intervening period was passed in idleness, except the Saturdays. On that day, duly as it arrived, the settlers, far and near, collected at the distillery, and amused themselves with shooting at a mark, 'trading nags' and too often when the tin cup had passed freely around, in 'fighting.'

This, sir, is by no means a picture of all the settlements of that early period, but that it is graphically true of many, none of our oldest settlers will deny. But to my narrative.

One Saturday afternoon in the year 1819 a young man was seen approaching with slow and weary steps, the house, or rather the distillery of squire Crosby, of Brent's Prairie, an obscure settlement on the Military Tract. As usual on that day, a large collection of people were amusing themselves at Crosby's who owned the only distillery in that region—was a magistrate, and regarded by the settlers as a rich and great man.

The youth who now came up to the group was apparently about twenty-one years of age, of slender form, fair and delicate complexion, with the air of one accustomed to good society. It was evident at a glance that he was not inured to the hardships of a frontier life, or labor of any kind. But his dress bore a strange contrast with his appearance and manners. He wore a hunting shirt of the coarsest linsey-woolsey, a common straw hat, and a pair of deerskin moccasins. A large pack completed his equipment.

Every one gazed with curiosity upon the new comer. In their eagerness to learn who he was, whence he came, and what was his business, the horse swap was left unfinished—the rifle was laid aside, and even the busy tin cup had a temporary respite.

The young man approached 'Squire Crosby, whom even a stranger could distinguish as the principal personage among them, and anxiously inquired for a house where he could be accommodated; saying that he was

extremely ill and felt all the symptoms of an approaching fever.

Crosby eyed him keenly and suspiciously for a moment, without uttering a word. Knaves and swindlers had been recently abroad, and the language of the youth betrayed that he was a 'Yankee,' a name at that time associated in the minds of the 'ignorant,' with every thing that is base. Mistaking the silence and hesitation of Crosby, for a fear of his inability to pay, the stranger smiled and said, 'I am not without money,' and putting his hand to his pocket to give ocular proof of the assertion, he was horror struck to find that his pocket book was gone. It contained every cent of his money, besides papers of great value to him.

Without a farthing—without even a single letter or paper to attest that his character was honorable—in a strange land and sickness rapidly coming upon him—these feelings nearly drove him to despair. The 'Squire,' who prided himself on his sagacity in detecting villains, now found the use of his tongue. With a loud and sneering laugh he said; 'Stranger, you are barking up the wrong tree if you think for to catch me with that *are* Yankee trick of yours.' He proceeded in that inhuman strain, seconded by nearly every one present, for the 'Squire,' was powerful, and few dared displease him. The youth felt keenly his desolate situation, and casting his eye around over the group, in a tone of deep and despairing anxiety, inquired; 'is there none who will receive me?' 'Yes, I will,' cried a man among the crowd; 'yes poor sick stranger, I will shelter you.' Then in a lower tone he added, 'I know not whether you are deserving, but I know that you are a fellow being, and in sickness and want, and for the sake of Him who died for the guilty, if not for your own sake, will I be kind to you, poor young stranger.'

The man who stepped forth and proffered a home to the youth in the hour of suffering, was Simon Davis, an elderly man who resided near Crosby, and to whom the latter was a deadly enemy. Uncle Simon, as he was called, never retaliated, and bore the many persecutions of his vindictive neighbor, without complaint. His family consisted of himself and daughter, his only child, an affectionate girl of seventeen.

The youth heard the offer of Mr. Davis, but heard no more, for overcome by his feelings and extreme illness, he fell insensible to the earth.—He was conveyed to the house of his benefactor and a physician called. Long was the struggle between life and death. Though unconscious, he called upon his mother and sister, almost incessantly, to aid him. When the youth was laid upon the bed and she heard him calling for his sister, Lucy Davis wept and said to him, 'poor sick young man

your sister is far distant and cannot hear you, but I will be to you a sister.' Well did this dark-eyed maiden keep her promise. Day and night did she watch over him except during the short intervals when she yielded her post at his bed side to her father.

At length the crisis of his disorder arrived—the day that was to decide the question of life or death. Lucy bent over him with intense anxiety watching every expression of his features, hardly daring to breathe, so fearful was she of waking him from the only sound sleep he had enjoyed for nine long days and nights. At length he awoke and gazed up into the face of Lucy Davis and faintly inquired, 'where am I?' There was intelligence in that look. Youth and a good constitution had obtained the mastery. Lucy felt that he was spared, and bursting into a flood of irrepressibly, grateful tears, rushed out of the room.

It was two weeks more before he could sit up, even for a short time. He had already acquainted them with his name and residence, but they had no curiosity to learn any thing further, and forbid his given his story till he became stronger. His name was Charles Wilson and his paternal home, Boston.

A few days afterwards when Mr. Davis was absent from home, and Lucy engaged about her household affairs. Wilson saw, at the head of the bed, his pack, and recollecting something that he wanted, opened it. The first thing he saw was the identical pocket book whose loss had excited so many bitter regrets. He recollected having placed it there the morning before he reached Brent's Prairie, but in the confusion of the moment that circumstance was forgotten.—He examined and found every thing as he left it.

This discovery nearly restored him to health, but he resolved at present to confine the secret to his own bosom. It was gratifying to him to witness the entire confidence they reposed in the honor and integrity of a stranger, and the pleasure with which they bestowed favors upon one whom they supposed could make no return but thanks.

Night came and Mr. Davis did not return.—Lucy passed a sleepless night. In the morning she watched hour after hour for his coming, and when sunset approached and he was still absent, terrified at his long and unusual stay she was setting out to procure a neighbor to go in search of him, when her parent appeared in sight. She ran to meet him, and was bestowing upon him a thousand endearing expressions of affection, when his haggard, woe-begone countenance startled her.

He uttered not a word, and went into his house and seated himself in silence. It was in vain that Lucy attempted to cheer him.

After a long pause, during which a powerful struggle was going on in his feelings, he arose took his daughter by the hand and led her into the room where Wilson was seated. 'You shall know all,' said he. 'I am ruined—I am a beggar.—In a few days I must quit this house—this farm which I have so highly improved and thought my own.' He proceeded to state that a few days before, Crosby, in a moment of ungovernable malice, taunted him with being a beggar, and told him that he was now in his power, and he would crush him under his feet. When Mr. Davis smiled at what he regarded only as an impotent threat, Crosby, to convince him, told him that the patent of his farm was a 'forged' one, and that he, Crosby, knew the real owner of the land—had written to purchase it—and expected a deed in a few days. Davis immediately went home for his patent, and during his long absence had visited the Land Office. Crosby was right. The patent, beyond all dispute was a forged one, and the claim of Davis to the farm, not worth a farthing.

It may be proper to observe that counterfeiting soldiers patents was a regular business in some of the eastern cities, and hundreds have been duped.

It is not for myself, said the old man, that I grieve at this misfortune. I am advanced in life and it matters not *how* or *where* I pass the few remaining days of my existence. I have a home beyond the stars where your mother has gone before me, and where I would have long since joined her, had I not lived to protect her child, my own, my affectionate Lucy. The weeping girl flung her arms around the neck of her father, and poured her tears upon his bosom. We can be happy still, said she, for I am young and can easily support us both.

A new scene followed in which another individual was a principal actor. I shall leave the reader to form his own opinion of it and barely remark that at the close, the old man took the hand of Lucy and young Wilson, and joining them, said, my children I cheerfully consent to your union. Though poor, with a good conscience you can be happy. I know Charles that you will be kind to my daughter, for a few nights ago, when you thought no human ear could hear you, I heard you fervently implore the blessings of heaven upon my gray hairs, and that God would reward my child for all her kindness to you.—Taking down his family bible the venerable old man added, 'it is a season of affliction but we are not forsaken, let us look for support to Him who has promised to sustain us.' He opened the book and read, 'Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labors of the olive shall fail and the fields shall yield no meat; the flocks shall be cut off from the fold and there shall be

no herd in the stall, yet will I rejoice in the Lord; I will joy in the God of my salvation.'

Charles and Lucy knelt beside the venerable old man and while he prayed they wept tears of grateful emotion.

It was a sleepless, but not an unhappy night, to the three inhabitants of the neat and cheerful dwelling they were about to leave and go they knew not where. It was then that young Wilson learnt the real value of money. By means of it he could give a shelter to those who had kindly received him when every other door was closed upon him.

All night long he thought of the forged patent. There were a few words dropped by Mr. Davis which he could not dismiss from his mind—that Crosby had written to the real owner of the land and obtained the promise of a deed.

It is now time for the reader to become more fully acquainted with the history of the young stranger.

His father, Charles Wilson, Senior, was a merchant of Boston who had acquired an immense fortune. At the close of the late war when the soldiers received from the government their bounty of 160 acres of land, many of them offered their patents to Mr. Wilson for sale. Finding that they were resolved to sell them, he concluded to save them from sacrificing their hard earnings and purchased at a fair price all that were offered. In three years no small portion of the Military Tract came into his possession.

On the day that Charles became of age he gave him a deed of a principal part of his land in Illinois, and insisted that he should go out to see it, and if he liked the country, settle there. Wishing him to become identified with the people, he recommended his son on his arrival in the State to lay aside his broadcloth and dress like a backwoodsman.

On the morning of his son's departure Mr. Wilson received a letter from a man in Illinois, who had frequently written. He wished to purchase a certain quarter section at government price, which Mr. Wilson promised he should have on those terms, provided he forwarded a certificate from the judge of the Circuit Court that the land was worth no more. The letter just received enclosed the certificate in question. Mr. Wilson had given this tract to Charles, and putting the letter and certificate into his hand enjoined upon him to deed it to the writer agreeable to promise on his arrival in Illinois.

The remarks of Mr. Davis forcibly reminded young Wilson of this incident, and on the next morning after he became acquainted with the design of Crosby, with a trembling hand examined the letter and certificate. It was written by Crosby, and the land he wished to purchase, the identical farm of Davis.

Astonished that his friend the judge should certify that the land was worth no more, Mr. Davis asked to see the certificate, and after a moment's examination unhesitatingly pronounced the signature a 'forgery.'

An explanation from the young man now became necessary, and calling Lucy into the room, he told them his history and laid before them a pile of patents and bank notes, one after another, till the amount reached thousands.

It was a day of thankful happiness to Old Simon Davis and his daughter, and not less so to young Wilson.

Not long after this scene Crosby entered.—His air was that of a man who has an enemy in his power and intends to trample upon him. He scarcely noticed Wilson except with a look of contempt. After pouring out all his maledictions upon the family he advised them to leave immediately. The old man inquired if he would give him nothing for the improvements he had made? The answer was, 'not a cent.' 'You certainly would not,' said Wilson, 'drive out this old man and his daughter penniless into the world?'

'What is that to you,' replied Crosby with a look of malice and contempt. 'I will answer you that question,' said Wilson, and acquainted him with what the reader already has learnt. Crosby, at first was stupified with astonishment, but when he saw that all his schemes of villainy were defeated, and proof of his having committed forgery could be established, his assurance forsook him, and he threw himself upon his knees, and begged first the old man, then Lucy and Wilson, to spare him.

Affected with his appeals, the latter agreed to purchase the farm upon which Crosby lived, upon condition of his instantly leaving the country. He accepted the terms and with his family fled to Texas.

Why should I spin out the narrative. Lucy and Charles were married, and though a splendid mansion rose up on the farm of Mr. Davis, both loved far better the little room where she had so long and anxiously watched over the sick bed of the homeless stranger. Mr. Wilson was rich, but never forgot those who were in want.

Cheered by the kind and affectionate attention of his children, Old Simon Davis almost seemed to have renewed his existence. He lived many years, and long enough to tell the bright eyed son of Charles and Lucy the story of the FORGED DEED. And when he told the listening boy how his father, when poor and friendless, was taken home and kindly treated, and in turn became their benefactor, he impressed upon the mind of his grandchild, that 'even a cup of cold water given from a pure motive shall not lose its reward.'

For the Rural Repository.

STUB-SHOTS AND PIN-FEATHERS,
FROM THE UNFLEDGED WINGS OF A LITERARY OWL.

'From grave to gay, from lively to severe.'—POPE.

No. 1.

Literary Friendship.

It is hard to part with those fondly endeared to us, the most cherished ones of earth; and who—near and dear kindred excepted—can be more so than fellow laborers in the garden of literature? We have an affection for them which we have not for the cold-hearted, selfish world around us. This is natural. The former we mingle with every day—the latter we seldom have occasion to associate with. These have their dealings with the material world; those with the intellectual. The one class cultivates, or has near relation to those who do cultivate, the earth; the other has for its cardinal pursuit the tilling of mental soil. Their callings then being of so different a nature, and not having occasion or opportunity often to commingle, these two classes have not that friendship for each other, that the members of each have for those engaged in the same vocation.

But there is no part of the human family so closely knitted together in feeling as that whose toils are in the field of science and literature. Ever laboring side by side, or journeying up the same 'craggy steep;' often dependent the one upon the other for assistance—each indebted to his compeers for some kindness they have shown him—leading him through the difficult windings in his crooked path, or dispelling the gathering clouds of mystery from before his mental vision;—an affection is gradually, and sometimes at once, created between them, strong—frequently as strong as that of 'first love.' The attachment they have towards each other, is unlike that of the rest of mankind; it is, as D'Israeli has beautifully expressed it, 'a sympathy not of manners, but of feeling.'

Hence arises that warm friendship which we often see manifested among scientific and literary men—that friendship which was so prominently exhibited in the case of Lloyd and Churchill, and which led the former, on hearing of the death of the latter, to desire not to survive him—*En passant*, he did but barely outlive him, and his speedy exit after the dissolution of his friend, may, peradventure, be attributed to the idolatrous affection he had for him. The same, nearly as ardent attachment, existed between Montaigne and Charron, Cowley and Harvey, Walton and Cotton, Beaumont and Fletcher, Gray and West, and a host of other celebrated literati.

But here we may be referred to a counter argument, where jealousy and envy have arisen between men of learning, whence has sprung an eternal hatred towards each other. Instances of this kind occur among those

only who are of a narrow-mind groveling or ambitious disposition—those who are desirous of keeping others on a level with themselves, or rising above them, and building the temple of their own fame on the ruins of their competitor's. Such may be justly styled strayed goats from the mountains of Pandemonium, loosened demons from the regions of Pluto—in other words, they are real *Judas* among the apostles. They are *among* them, sometimes, but not *of* them, at least they are not claimed by them.

Their motives are mean, selfish, devilish. They have not that laudable desire which the true sons of knowledge in general, have—a wish that their learning may benefit others besides themselves—consequently their feelings of sympathy are destroyed, and every sentiment of an amicable character is erased from their heart. Having then no sensitiveness of spirit, and no friendshipial concerns with mankind, they pass from the earth

'Unwept, unhonored and unsung.'

Not so with the aged patriarch who has long journeyed through the wilderness of science, hand in hand with his fellow travelers; who has led the Israelitish children, accompanying, through all the dark labyrinths, dispensing the light of knowledge and the warm sunbeams of kindly regard to all around; who, in short, has been the faithful Damon to every Pythias in society:—when he at length goes to the 'Canaan land' of another world, his departure is not taken unheeded; friends are around him, who having accompanied him to the utmost verge of the wilderness, where a brighter prospect and a fairer clime open before him, and where they must separate for a season—when they give him the parting hand, their prayers go with him, tears are shed, and aching memory long sighs at his absence; while his name is fondly cherished, and held in remembrance, by those whose love he reciprocated, till they too have reached the promised land of future life.

No. 2. The Miser.

BUT few beings, having the form of man, are more despicable than the miser. Covetousness is one of the most contemptible passions that hold a seat in the human heart, and this he possesses in a super-abundant degree. It is, in fact his ruling passion, the predominant principle of his sordid and uncharitable soul. Avaricious of his vast store-house of riches, he heeds not the calls of the needy and suffering. The beseeching groans of the poor widow, or the hungry, piercing cries of the helpless orphan, find not a responsive echo from the chords of his unsympathizing bosom. Pity he has not, nor commiseration for the most wretched, even though the most innocent being.

Having no social feelings about him, and no intercourse with his fellow men only to drain from them, on every convenient occasion, fountains of wealth, his dealings with the world at large are thus rendered but few, and the associations of mankind with him equally as scarce. He is a disjointed link in the chain of society—a detached segment from the great circle of the human race.

Standing thus alone, insulated from the rest of his species, with little fellowship with, or sympathy for any one, the world passes by him like a phantasmagorical scene, upon which he may cast a look—ever cold and indifferently careless—or not, as his feelings may prompt.

Such is the miser, a filthy weed in the garden of mortals—an ice-berg in the warm current of manhood's reciprocal affection, chilling it and checking its naturally free course—a stumbling block in the path of those around him, forming in himself, as Milton has said of another, 'a hell'—to his fellow men of no benefit—to the earth a curse, and, being advantageous to no one, yielding assistance neither to the suffering, the oppressed, nor the benighted, the sooner he is removed from us, and the fewer like him, there are *among* us, the better.

He is neither happy himself, nor does he wish to render others so. His great, his leading, *only* object of attainment is the 'almighty dollar'—the hoarding of earth's base pelf. Mammon then, being the deity, the sole god he worships, he becomes obnoxious to all good people, to the sphere of society around which he revolves, and is an eternal shadow on the disk of their sun of prosperity and enjoyment.

No. 3. Winter Evening Rhapsody.

'Tis midnight. And now while the shades of Erebus are gathered over the face of creation, and all nature—all but the hooting owl—is snugly huddled in the arms of Morpheus, I, a poor, 'adust-and-thin' vigil-keeper on the watchtowers of darkness, comfortably seated by a comfortable fire, in a comfortable little attic eury, spread out this white sheet before me purposely to engraft upon it a few young scions of my ideas, for my own amusement, and I *wish* I might say, for that of others.

I envy not the enjoyment of those who, at this noon-tide season of thought, are peregrinating the land of dreams in search of repose. How many of them are at this very moment, writhing beneath the torturing gripe of ideal misery. Some mendicant child of poverty, with pedestals, it may be actually freezing, is now journeying barefooted, thro' the 'eternal snows' of Siberia! The miser is enjoying the delicious rhapsodies of an incu-

bus, while the light fingered pilferer is unceremoniously taking leave of his stately mansion, bearing with him a plenty of 'loose change';—the miser's all: the ambitious office-seeker is reading the news of his competitor's election; the minister is in the pulpit, and has forgotten his text—the sermon itself he has left at home; the lawyer hears of the peaceful adjustment of some rising quarrel; the doctor is repining at the healthy state of the weather, or perhaps has accidentally taken a dose of pills prepared for his patient, and is enjoying a 'heave up'; the pedagogue is being baptised in a snow-drift by his *dear* pupils; the poet is vainly endeavoring to weave a promised sonnet for his wingless seraph; the love-lorn maiden of thirty years and past, is sadly musing on her age; while the man of bacheloric years, is suffering all the horrors of a ship-wreck on the quick-sands of matrimony!

Alas! *what* showers of trouble and storms of torment, are pouring on the 'devoted'—and *sleepy* 'heads' of those who are at this time, *nodding* through the bogmires of imagination in the wilderness of dreams. Not so with me: here I can sit by my blazing fire—while pelting winds and drifting snows are whistling musically without—vegetating the sweet dreams of *fancy*, with nought to molest or make me afraid. I have a natural fondness for such *waking* slumbers, and every opportunity is seized to enjoy them. I love to sit hour after hour, and watch these large red coals, as one by one they drop beneath the fore-stick, and then, having given me a few *warm* manifestations of their *burning* regard, gradually disappear, seemingly in effervescent nothing. How sadly do I observe them die away! It seems, on the departure of each, as though I had caught a last glimpse of my *dearest* friend. Certainly they are the most *ardent* I have on earth. Indeed their bosoms—and I love to imagine they have bosoms—glow with the fire of an affection *so* ardent, *so meltingly hot*, that like the love of some devoted hearts, it is self-consuming.

Now while I sit gazing on these dying embers—with not only my eyes fixed on them, but even my inquisitive and *feeling* toes, which are cunningly peeping through the front of my venerable shoes—let me draw an inference. How very much like these embers are mankind; the fire of their friendship kindles for a while, till it seems roused almost to a blaze, when suddenly as if the waters of Lethe were thrown upon it, it 'cools down,' its heat is departed, its appearance changed, and we find ourselves brooding over the cold ashes of neglect.

But reader—excuse the bluntness of my introduction, for like the scholastic in general, I am a *bashful* owl—I trust it will not be with you and me as with many. Our acquaintance

has now just commenced—is yet in its vernal blossoming; but it will, I feel assured, become more mature: our friendship, too, will ripen into rich fruits that will not soon wither; that the mildews of absence cannot blight, nor the winter of adversity cause to decay. With this sweet thought revolving in my mind, I can, with some reluctance yet with the assurance of much anticipated pleasure from our future meetings, now take leave of you, vouchsafing that, whether we meet again or not, I am Thine Forever,

Iowa. JEHOSEPHAT COSMOPOLITAN.

MISCELLANY.

The Widow.

It was a cold and bleak evening in a most severe winter. The snow was driven by the furious north wind. Few dared or were willing to venture abroad. It was a night which the poor will not soon forget.

In a most miserable and shattered tenement, somewhat remote from any other habitation, there then resided an aged widow, all alone, and yet not alone.

During the weary day, in her excessive weakness, she had been unable to step beyond her door stone, or to communicate her wants to any friend. Her last morsel of bread had been long since consumed, and none heeded her destitution. She sat at evening, by her small fire, half famished with hunger—from exhaustion unable to sleep—preparing to meet the dreadful fate from which she knew not how she should be spared.

She had prayed that morning, 'Give me this day my daily bread,' but the shadows of evening had descended upon her, and her prayer had not been answered.

While such thoughts were passing through her weary mind, she heard the door suddenly open and shut again, and found deposited in her entry by an unknown hand, a basket crowded with all those articles of comfortable food, which had the sweetness of manna to her.

What were her feelings on that night, God only knows! but they were such as rise up to him—the Great Deliverer and Provider, from ten thousand hearts every day.

Many days elapsed before the widow learnt through what messenger God had sent to her that timely aid. It was at the impulse of a little child, who on that dismal night, seated at the cheerful fireside of her home, was led to express the generous wish that that poor widow, whom she had sometimes visited, could share some of her numerous comforts and cheer. Her parents followed out the benevolent suggestion; and a servant was soon despatched to her mean abode, with a plentiful supply.

What a beautiful glimpse of the chain of causes, all fastened at the throne of God!

An angel, with noiseless wing, came down, stirred the peaceful breast of a child, and, with no pomp or circumstance of the outward miracle, the widow's prayer was answered.—*The Watchtower.*

A Challenge.

A LITTLE fop conceiving himself insulted by a gentleman who had ventured to give him some wholesome advice, strutted up to him with an air of importance and said, 'Sir, you are no gentleman, here is my card, consider yourself challenged. Should I be from home when you honor me with a call, I shall leave word with a friend to settle the preliminaries to your satisfaction.' To which the other replied—'Sir, you are a fool—here is my card, consider your nose pulled, and should I not be at home when you call on me, you will find that I have left orders with my servant to kick you into the street.'

A Wife.

WHEN a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion whom he wants, not an artist.—It is not merely a creature who can paint and play, sing and dance; it is a being who can comfort and counsel him; one who can reflect, and feel and judge, and discourse, and discriminate; one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children. Such is the woman who is fit for a mother, and the mistress of a family. A woman of the former description occasionally figures in the drawing room, and attracts the admiration of the company, but she is entirely unfit for a help-mate to a man, and to 'train up a child in the way he should go.'

AMUSEMENT.—It is doing some service to humanity, to amuse innocently, and they know very little of society, who think it can bear to be always employed either in the exercise of its duties, or in high and important meditations.—*Preface of West's Pindar.*

BAKED beans were always the only fashionable meal for Sabbath noon in Massachusetts. A minister who is a very correct mathematician, and a bit of a wag withal, has computed that he preached regularly every Sabbath afternoon to fifty-five bushels and three pecks of baked beans, while their owners were asleep.

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1839.

A NEW VOLUME.—Our distant friends, agents and others, will see by our Prospectus, that we purpose issuing another Volume of the Repository, commencing on the 22d of June. Agents will soon be supplied with Subscription papers, and will, we confidently trust, exert themselves as usual in our behalf. To those, who by their activity in obtaining subscribers and prompt payments, have aided us through past

years, we return our unfeigned thanks—the few who have not yet made their returns for this Volume, are requested to do so without delay. Printers will oblige us by giving our Prospectus an early insertion.

DEATH OF MRS. MACLEAN.—Thereportcirculated some time since, of the death of this highly gifted and amiable lady, better known to our readers by her poetical signature, L. E. L. has been recently confirmed. She died suddenly, on the 15th of October last, soon after her arrival at Cape Coast, whither she had accompanied her husband, George Maclean, Esq. the new Governor of Cape Coast Castle. It is supposed that her death was occasioned by an over-dose of prussic acid, which she was in the habit of taking in small quantities for spasms in the stomach, being often subject to them.—'The feeling with which we record this mournful intelligence,' says the editor of the London Courier, 'will be respected, when we state that only yesterday morning, we received from Mrs. Maclean, a most interesting and affecting letter, which sets forth at once with the animating assertion, "I am very well and very happy"—"The only regret," she proceeds to say, "the only regret (the emerald ring which I fling into the dark sea of life to propitiate fate) is the constant sorrow I feel whenever I think of those whose kindness is so deeply treasured."—But away from those loved and beloved ones,

'By strangers honored, and by strangers mourned,' was exhaled from the cares of earth to that 'better land,' where friends shall meet to part no more, the pure spirit that gave birth to those sweet poetic effusions, which, for their beauty and pathos, have won the meed of applause, and been hailed with delight in every literary circle. How feelingly and forcibly are we reminded, by the melancholy fate of this youthful and interesting writer—in a far land, away from kindred and friends—of the following passage in her exquisite little poem, 'The first Grave':—
We half forget
How sunder human ties,
When round the silent place of rest
A gathered kindred lies.'

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

P. M. Cheshire, Ms. \$1.00; C. S. Burnt Hills, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Leonard's Ville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Oak Hill, N. Y. \$4.37; J. T. B. Columbus, O. \$1.00; P. M. Rotterdam, N. Y. \$15.00; L. F. Townsend Harbor, Ms. \$1.00; E. T. Hanover Center, N. H. \$1.00; P. M. Leyden, N. Y. \$2.00; S. R. C. Burnt Hills, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Bethel, Vt. \$2.00; L. H. W. Tremainsville, O. \$1.00; A. V. Whalen's Store, N. Y. \$1.00; J. B. J. Oakfield, N. Y. \$1.00; T. W. Angelica, N. Y. \$1.00; S. A. & U. O. Kelloggsville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Case Ville, N. Y. \$2.00; W. D. G. Evansburgh, Pa. \$1.00; A. W. S. Ludlow, Vt. \$1.00.

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 17th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Pardee, Mr. Edward Allen to Mrs. Ann Gorham.
On Sunday evening the 18th ult. by the Rev. D. Ackley, Mr. V. C. Nye, to Miss Emeline Clark, both of this city.
At Canaan, on the 9th ult. by the Rev. H. Spencer, Mr. William P. Lovejoy to Miss Rachel Nichols, all of the above place.
At the same place, on the 10th ult. by the same, Mr. Sylvester Reynolds to Miss Hannah C. Elliott, all of Canaan.

DIED,

In this city, on the 18th ult. Helen Mary, daughter of George M. and Sarah A. Griffin, in the 9th year of her age.
On the 13th ult. Elizabeth Decker, in her 86th year.
On the 22d ult. Mary Ann, daughter of Robert and Susan Taylor, in her 19th year.
On the 24th ult. Melissa, daughter of John and Nancy Hollenbeck, in her 3d year.
On the 25th ult. Delia, daughter of Abraham and Catharine Groat, in her 6th year.
At Spencertown, on the evening of the 7th ult. after a short but severe illness, Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Edward Dorr, M. D. of Chatham, in the 12th year of her age.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

The Indian,*On beholding Washington at Prayer in the Forest.*

THE Indian stood in the forest shade,
He heard a murmured tone;
Upon the ground his ear he laid
To hear who talked alone.

He listened still—no voice was heard
Save that low, earnest tone;
He turned him round—'list, warriors list,
The white man talks alone.'

'He talks unto our Spirit Great,
Behold his hands are spread;
You, warriors, you this white man hate—
His blood ye shall not shed.'

Thus spoke the chieftain, bold and high,
The dark band stood around,
A fearful light shone in each eye—
They stood in awe profound.

The white man ceased—he turned away
Unconscious who was there:
The red man learned a lesson deep
In that lone bower of prayer.

Spencertown, N. Y.

CASSIOPEA.

The Emigrant's Daughter.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

'THE way is long,' the father said,
While through the western wild he sped,
With eager searching eye:
'Cheer ye my babes,' the mother cried,
And drew them closer to her side,
As frowned the evening sky.

Just then, within the thicket rude,
A log-reared cabin's roof they viewed,
And its low shelt' blest;
On the rough floor their bed,
In haste and weariness they spread,
And laid them down to rest.

On leather hinges the doors were hung,
Undecked with glass the windows swung.
The smoke wreath stained the wall;
And here they found their only home,
Who once had ruled the spacious dome,
And paced the pictured hall.

But hearts with pure affection warm,
Unmurmuring at the adverse storm,
Did in that cell abide;
And there the wife her husband cheered,
And there her little ones she reared,
And there in hope she died.

Still the lone man his toil pursued,
While 'neath his roof so low and rude
A gentle daughter rose,
As peering through some rifted rock,
And blooming on a broken stock,
The blushing sweet-briar grows.

With tireless hand the board she spread,
The Holy Book at evening read,
And when with serious air
He saw her bend so sweetly mild,
To lull to sleep the moaning child,
He blessed her in his prayer.

But stern disease his footsteps stayed,
And down the woodman's axe he laid,
The fever's flame was high;
No more the forest feared his stroke,
He fell as falls the rugged oak,
Beneath the whirl-wind's eye.

His youngest girl, his fondest pride,
His baby, when the mother died,
How desolate she stands—
While gazing on his death struck eye,
His kneeling sons in anguish cry,
And clasp his clenching hands.

Who hastes his throbbing head to hold?
Who bows to chafe his temples cold,
In beauty's opening prime?—
That blessed daughter, meek of heart,
Who, for his sake, a matron's part
Had borne before her time.

That gasp—that groan—'tis o'er, 'tis o'er,
The manly breast must heave no more,
That heart no longer pine;
O, Thou who feed'st the raven's nest,
Confirm to them the promise blest,
'The fatherless are mine.'

The Sea.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

BEAUTIFUL, sublime and glorious,
Mild, majestic foaming, free—
Over time itself victorious,
Image of eternity.

Sun and moon, and stars shine o'er thee,
See thy surface ebb and flow;
Yet attempt not to explore thee
In thy soundless depths below.

Whether morning's splendors steep thee,
With the rainbow's glowing grace,
Tempests rouse, or navies sweep thee,
'Tis but for a moment's space.

Earth her vallies and her mountains,
Mortal man's behests obey:
The unfathomable fountains
Scoff his search and scorn his away.

Such art thou—stupendous Ocean!
But if o'erwhelmed by thee,
Can we think without emotion,
What must thy Creator be?

From the Democratic Review.

Return of the Parents.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

LONG had they sped
O'er distant hill and valley—noting much
God's goodness in the riches of the land,
The summer fruitage, and the harvest hoard,
The reaper wrestling with the bearded wheat,
And the proud torrent's glory, when it shakes
The everlasting rock—nor yet forgets
To sprinkle greenness on the loneliest flower
That trembles at its base.—Much too, they spake
Of pleasure, 'neath the hospitable roofs
Of several kindred—how the loving heart
From such communion learns to wipe away
The dust of household-care, which sometimes hangs
In clouds o'er the clear spirit.

But anon,

The eloquent lip grew silent—for they drew
Near that blest spot, which throws all other lights
Into strong shadow—*Home*.

At that full thought,

The bosom's pulse beat quicker—and the wheels
Moved all too slow—though scarce the eager steeds

Obed the rein. And as the mother spake
Somewhat in murmur, of her youngest boy,
There came a flood of beauty o'er her brow,
For holy love hath beauty, which gray Time
Could never steal.

'Tis there, behind the trees,
That well known roof—and from the open door,
What a glad rush! The son, who fain would take
His mother in his arms, as if her foot
Was too good for earth—and at his side
The beautiful daughter with her raven hair—
So smoothly folded over her classic brow—
The infant crowing in its nurse's arms—
The bold boy, in his gladness, springing up
Even to his father's shoulder—hisping tongues,
And little dancing feet, and outstretched hands
Grasping the parents' skirts—it was a group
That artist's pencil never yet hath sketched
In all its plenitude!

And when I saw
The brightness of the tear of Joy, I felt
How poor the pomp of princes—and what dress
Was beaten gold, compared with that dear wealth,
Home, and its gratulation—and the ties
Which Heaven hath twisted round congenial hearts
To draw them to itself.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Devoted to Polite Literature, such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

On Saturday, the 22d of June, 1839, will be issued the first number of the *Sixteenth Volume (Seventh New Series)* of the RURAL REPOSITORY.

On issuing the proposals for a new volume of the Rural Repository, the publisher tenders his most sincere acknowledgements to all Contributors, Agents and Subscribers, for the liberal support which they have afforded him from the commencement of this publication. New assurances on the part of the publisher of a periodical which has stood the test of years, would seem superfluous, he will therefore only say, that it will be conducted on a similar plan and published in the same form as heretofore, and that no pains or expense shall be spared to promote their gratification by its further improvement in typographical execution and original and selected matter.

CONDITIONS.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be published every other Saturday, in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 208 pages. It will be printed in handsome style, on Medium paper of a superior quality, with good type; making, at the end of the year, a neat and tasteful volume containing matter equal to one thousand duodecimo pages, which will be both amusing and instructive in future years.

TERMS.—The Sixteenth volume, (Seventh New Series) will commence on the 22d of June next, at the low rate of *One Dollar* per annum in advance, or *One Dollar and Fifty Cents* at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive *six* copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive *twelve* copies and one copy of either of the previous volumes. *No* subscription received for less than one year.

Names of subscribers with the amount of Subscription to be sent as soon as possible to the publisher,

WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. 1839.

For EDITORS, who wish to exchange, are respectfully requested to give the above a few insertions, or at least a notice, and receive Subscriptions.

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For All orders and Communications must be *post paid* to receive attention.